

✓ 11/10/1833

Carroll - A Public-Spirited Bookeller.

History repeats itself: there is nothing new under the sun; the selfishness, the unwillingness, the specious new propels proclaimed from every house-top, all the signs of the times which fill Christians people with dismay, are ~~not~~ an old story after all. The young mother taken comfort from the fact - that the children of other mothers have got over whooping cough & measles, & that she can go England with a love that carries her to their closets rejoices in the 'Life' of the bookeller Restes. Now, they see Germany under great searchings of heart, - fermenting, <sup>with inward struggle</sup> ~~with many~~ every man walking according to his own light - evolving his own creed, while prophets <sup>proclaim</sup> ~~are~~ the gospel of 'the beautiful', & that - crying peace where there is no peace. Alas for Germany a hundred years ago. Alas, for England now: but the comfort is, that in Germany <sup>in the</sup> midst of the darkness & the compressed noise the Holy Spirit was abroad illuminating candid souls.

In the year 1772, the great hunger-year of Germany, Frederick Christopher Restes was born at Rudolfsstadt, to a father who held the high-sounding office of Secretary of the Exchequer in a little German principality. He died while his child was yet in petticoats. His widow received from the State a magnificent pension of twenty on florins: her means means for another child to live; she bair herself as nurse in a humbler family, & the poor little Restes was taken first

by his grandmother, then by a becheval uncle  
 & maiden aunt - who kept home together at  
 Rudolstadt. There was a remarkable pair, both  
 persons of high integrity & full of character, the  
 spoiling man & excellent gifts by an ugly temper.  
 He, a classical scholar, a man of vigorous mind  
 but - all his life under the influence of the philosophy  
 of Kant. - It was necessary that this little household  
 should live with a frugality hardly known in any  
 rank of life in England; but the little boy  
 was made welcome all the same, & reared with  
 much tenderness by his word aunt - & to whom  
 he owed a moral training which served him all  
 his life. But then <sup>would say</sup> ~~longer~~ that to them he  
 owed the real horror with which every knave  
 & scoundrel filled him, <sup>as well as</sup> ~~that~~ respect for  
 the rights of others which his own impetuosity  
 might easily have led him to forget.  
 And here let us pause a moment to look at a  
 puzzling question in the face: it is true that the  
 uncle Reubel was not a Christian; yet, he  
 has himself brought up his nephew to the, what -  
 everyone means by "a good man." what - then?  
 it is possible to be 'good' in this sense without  
 being a Christian. <sup>Altho' not</sup> ~~yet~~ Christ himself is the  
 fountain of all goodness in every creature.  
 but then, it seems true, that this ~~be~~ is like  
 the sun which shines ~~into~~ on the evil & the good.  
 He is willing to impart this goodness of his  
 freely to all who will ~~make~~ use of it, without  
 imposing any condition of allegiance to  
 himself. that he does not impart out of himself  
 is happiness, the love, joy, peace, of the disciple  
 who rejoices ~~in~~ in his Master's good gifts, but  
 delights himself above all in the Giver.



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to proceed. Little Rerthes got but a scrambling education, perhaps because he shewed no decided bent for the encouragement of his teachers: he had no head for numbers, & little talent for language. All that could be said for him was, that he was an omnivorous reader: one shabby volume of 'Travels by Sea & Land', & several brief volumes of a great history of the world occupied him pretty well until he was fourteen. The great delight of his boyhood was his occasional visits to the soldiers, who resided in an official capacity at the Castle of Schwartzburg: here he would spend months at a time, hampung the priests at his uncle's heels, helping <sup>up</sup> the game bag, laying in a store of florins (at least he should) & brighten dreary hours before.

At fourteen, Rerthes is confirmed, & it is time to think of his future. There is no means flying in his studies, & indeed, notwithstanding his bright intelligence, he shewed little fitness for either of the learned professions. The notion of a mercantile life he hated, & happily a career was hit upon for him on the border land of the professions & the trades. He had an uncle at Jötter who was a well-to-do publisher & bookseller, & as bookseller it was determined that young Rerthes should go to his great delight for, at <sup>in brief - business</sup> migrate, there must be books to read.

There was difficulty, he was carried to the Leipzig book-fair to seek a master, or man, refused him because he could not converse to verb and. another tall queer man in a yellow overcoat reaching to his heels & frightened to say that he could not say a word, & was pronounced 'too shy for the book trade'.

A Priest, one Böhm, who carried on a considerable business in Leipzig, was willing to take him as

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an apprentice, but sent the little fellow home for  
a year to grow.

At the end of the year, I started one Sunday in  
September in the free mail, & reached the  
home of his master on the Tuesday following, to  
be greeted with, "Why, boy, you are not bigger than you  
were this time last year!" He is received kindly  
by his master's family, & the senior apprentice.  
I write home, "I like keeping very much. My  
comrade is an excellent fellow; & the young  
ladies are wonderfully kind. Frederike my  
master's second daughter, came into my  
room, to drive away home-sickness, & said,  
"I shall hear more of Frederike by and by."

Next morning, his master desires him to let  
his hair grow to a good length, & to a brush in  
front; to get a pair of wooden buckles, & a  
cocked hat, & carries him off to the warehouse.  
Rohmer's apprentices are strictly kept, & not  
allowed to go out without leave, & taken to church  
with the family on Sunday: "What I find hardest  
writes Perthes, is that I have only a halypenny  
pail in the morning, & in the afternoon  
from one till eight not a morsel - I eat  
then enough; & it was, for growing boys, <sup>they</sup>  
they had a good dinner & supper with the family.  
Poor Rohmer, a much tried man with a wife  
who obviously, was by no means indulgent, but  
he treated his apprentices as well as himself,  
which might have answered had they been  
blessed with his own iron frame. ~~Perthes~~  
~~consequently~~ on the most bitter weather he  
would never have ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~suit~~ <sup>shirt</sup> ~~leaked~~, but  
kept himself warm by stamping & rubbing  
himself <sup>all</sup> as a cabman ~~was~~. The worst plittle  
Perthes was, for the most part; that of the <sup>pages</sup>  
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flasks with paper sacks on masts in the stor-  
 rooms of the London publishers; he runs about  
 buying & collect such books for country  
 orders as his master's stores did not furnish.  
 Here his modest obliging manners won  
 him friends, & especially, the practical benefit  
 of being allowed to stand by the stove while he  
 waited for his books: for <sup>last</sup> this was all the  
 warmth he got; <sup>his</sup> with feet - set - as dry, he must  
 stand for hours together on the flags of the ice-  
 warehouse. Recently, his master notices that  
 he hobbles along with difficulty; but <sup>he</sup> says nothing;  
 indeed all along he shows great bluntness, that about  
 the little Brodchers for breakfast - being almost  
 the only complaint we hear: at last - he cannot  
 walk at all, the doctor is sent for, & says that, <sup>in</sup> another  
 day, ~~the~~ <sup>his</sup> ~~large~~ feet must have been amputated.

For nine weeks, now he is a prisoner in the  
 little attic with the two beds which the apprentice  
 shared; but he is not neglected. Frederika  
 Köhner, a pretty little girl of twelve, the  
 car of him, amuses him, reads <sup>along</sup> ponderous  
 books, the great volumes of the history of Italy.  
 No wonder that after that the two were great friends  
 & confidantes, she telling of the domestic difficulties  
 which arose from her mother's failing, & he, of  
 his longing for home - above all for Schweydtburg.  
 "How this well-known avast!" he writes to his  
 uncle there now that, rises before me. . . . The  
 spot where Fritz coughed & Matzen yelped. Every  
 bush is stamped on my memory. Let  
 you ranging the wood with your lantern, when  
 you have caught any thing, say you say, "If this  
 was only here!" ~~and for better than over the hill~~  
~~just of the future what to over.~~



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to his mother's friend, Uncle Frederick, in his  
yellow appearance, Rabenhorst, from years his  
uncle, an excellent fellow throughout a cranny  
temper. His writing house was much. Rather  
thinks God for a comrade who is a good an  
example to him; <sup>his friend is</sup> ~~seven~~ <sup>ten</sup> longer he reckons  
up amongst his advantages, as affording him  
training in the art of living pleasantly with  
other people when all the pleasantness is out of their  
making.

11.

The year 1789 sees Rabenhorst quit Leipzig,  
dawns a new era in the life of the young Rother.  
he is seventeen now; & henceforth, it is not  
the career of a boy we are watching, but that of a  
young man, with eager thoughts, undimmed  
longings, questioning everything in his life  
the next.

In the first place, he begins, for the first time, to  
see a little into the book-trade of Germany; hitherto  
he had been no more than an office boy; now  
he becomes his master's right hand man.  
To understand how much that meant in  
must glance for a moment at the conditions  
of the book-supply in Germany: there were not  
more than a dozen widely-scattered towns or  
the whole <sup>country</sup> ~~country~~ which could boast even a  
single bookseller, from any of these, the  
purchasers could get, not what he wanted,  
but only such books as were in stock;  
that, because the booksellers had could only  
supply themselves at the great-Leipzig fairs  
which had no means of getting books that might  
be demanded in the intervals. To remedy  
this

These stores were opened in two towns, Randolph in  
Maine & Leipzig, from which bookbinders might  
be supplied at once with many books they might  
order.

Böhm carried on such a business; weekly orders came to him from all the book-sellers in Germany filling nine or six pages of his ~~catalogue~~ day-book. & beyond these books, sent them, & ~~the~~ <sup>particular</sup> ~~particular~~ <sup>particular</sup> ~~particular~~ <sup>particular</sup> was the work that fell upon Barthel. He gave himself to it with delight: it was something to handle the books, to grow familiar with the titles & the names of the authors, to know what books were being read & where they were in most request. It formed to his astonishment - that the reading of Germany could to a great extent, be crapped out; - that such districts required such books, such other districts, such other books, & some benighted districts wanted no books at all. In a word he could form a rough guess as to intellectual status of the whole Germany.

to intellectual ~~labor~~ <sup>labor</sup>.  
And now thus demanded upon him the great  
idea of his life; he saw that the bookseller,  
should be something more than a public servant;  
he might be a power in the land; might take  
it upon him to educate & direct the public  
taste: might, in those days of new bookshops  
domineer to raise the tone of thought - than either  
parson or schoolmaster; & thus, not by assuming  
airs of superiority; but - by providing only  
that ~~which our land~~ <sup>good literature</sup>, by directing attention  
fairly to the merits of his stock. This was an  
object in life; a bookseller upon new  
lines Perthes resolved to become: but - alas,  
because we recommend the new-books in secular  
literature, it was not enough to go upon hearsay;  
one ought to know; & Perthes was lamentably  
ignorant.

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He wanted to learn, but every thing was against him. After a day of close work, he fell asleep, he might over grammar & dictionary; then, he wanted teaching, & had no money to pay for it; his mother's little pension barely found him in shoes; his two sisters sent him their halfpenny clothes, & all the money he handled was the couple of dollars his master always paid him at Christmas. Then, again, he must needs keep up with the fashion in his studies, & fashions required that every young man should be a philosopher; there was no salvation outside of Kant; in those days, no master Kant: he must have a knowledge of logic, there was a stiff nut to crack which kept him for a long time on the threshold of higher knowledge.

But his study of Kant meant more than a mere following of fashion: his time had come to be exercised by the question which <sup>grapples</sup> the soul of every young man & young woman with their cult: Wherein shall a young man cleanse his way?

The answer was not plain; <sup>it is</sup> he sought it in "System of Morality" in treatises on "Dogmatic Divinity" or "<sup>Dealing</sup> ~~Intercourse~~ with Men," in the counsel of perfection he could lay his hands above all, in Kant; the philosophy of Kant. He would to his uncle feel that in in his mind. & in these letters we have an intensely interesting picture of the struggles of a soul not bound to light. First, he is filled with a delightful buoyancy; the whole world is marching on toward perfection; that is the design of the Creator for the universe & the race; as for evil, absolute evil does not exist, for nothing is endured by men or by



8 nations is to them no more than a means of  
 perfection: as for himself, the joy that comes of  
 ever striving after improvement is enough; he  
 can even see himself advanced; he thinks upon  
 the perfections of God & the dignity of man, & feels  
 with a throbbing joy that perfection is the goal towards  
 which he calls men as labouring. His moral  
 writer to congratulate him on his delightful  
 experiences; but, alas, the letter finds him  
 in despair: there is a halt in the onward  
 march, now, & retreat: "now passions triumph,"  
 he confesses, "now habit": he is smothered  
 by the vision of a perfection which ever seems  
 within reach, "but which, Spirit, numberless  
 worked-out-tortures painfully". Poor fellow!  
 "When I feel tranquil, it is but the sleep of evil  
 inclinations gathering strength for a fiercer  
 outbreak. Ah! my weakness & my hot  
 blood destroy in an hour what it has taken  
 me weeks to gain - & leave the victim powerless?"

So it goes on for months & years;  
 now, a note of triumph over a sure advance,  
 now tears over a contemptible fall; & all the time  
 no real progress; he is like a door in its  
 hinges, in continual motion without getting  
 anywhere. Still, he believes in that perfection,  
 which is within as the pot of gold hid where the  
 rainbow breaks to ground, & has no glimpse  
 of the better way.

As if this was not enough, another trouble ~~comes~~  
 comes upon him ~~too early~~. Frederika has blossomed into a beautiful  
 maiden; the old boy & girl familiarity is over; the  
 two are shy & conscious in each other's presence:  
 then

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Then a new apprentice arrives, one Hering, <sup>aged</sup> with much brighter talk: Perthes can only talk on great topics, the dignity of man, the perfectibility of the human race, & Frederick is not always up to these high themes: the presence of a possible rival stirs the incipient love to passion: jealousy takes possession of the poor youth, & as for perfection, to keep himself from hating Hering is, for a long time, impossible virtue to him.

But he behaves nobly in this street; he says his heart is open to Hering, who proves worthy of the confidence: & the two unite themselves in one of those romantic bonds of brotherhood common amongst German youths: both are to love & seem to neither is to take advantage of the other, & at last they are both better themselves & then, now is to take what she prefers. Her bitterness speaking is past - as far as Hering goes; but Frederick is the hell of jealousy & has many advisers, & Perthes has but a stormy time of it - sitting up constantly, half the night - weaver himself to calmness by the study of philosophy.

A more cheery comforter than philosophy came to his aid in the form of a young man, Lucianus, staunch ally of good & pleasant men, who welcomed him into their society, taught him to love the poets, & cheered & encouraged him by his good humours & their

satire.  
His Lucianus friendships. The first that broke he had had of his delight of young men's society - was the last thing of moment that happened during his apprenticeship. In 1793, his master came up to Perthes at a grand entertainment, to him, & gave him a gentle slap on the face, called him "lie" (mistake of "die"), & his apprenticeship was at an end; henceforth he was his own man.